Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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THE OLD-FASHIONED BALL CLUB

I like to watch a game o' ball; to me its lots o' fun
To see the players at the bat and watch them strike and run
And slide and yell and all o' that; and, yet it seems to me
The game ain't half so full o' life as what it used to be.

I wish you could have seen the club in which I used to play,
Of course it wasn't like the clubs you run across to-day.
Because—now let me think—why, that was twenty year ago!
And base-ball then was different from the base-ball now, you know.

Our club comprised the flower of our little country town;
We knocked out every club there was for twenty mile aroun'.
We had no fancy uniforms, but you bet you we could play;
We made ten times as many runs as what they make to-day.

Si Jones, the blacksmith, pitched for us, but in them days, you know,
You had to please the batter, he could have it high or low,
And Deacon Perry used to catch, except camp-meetings, when
We played a sort o' "picked-up" nine and used his big son Ben.

Old Squire Smith played at first, and when his glasses staid in place,
So he could see the ball, he always fortified that base.
Judge Silmkins played at second, while I proudly guarded third,
And young Doc Squills was short stop, and as lively as a bird.

The right was held by Elder Tubbs, the left by Lawyer Green;
Cap Siders, with a wooden leg, filled in the gap between.
And they were just the fellows calculated for the biz,
Unless 'twas Green, who carried a crutch because o' rheumatiz.

He was our safest player. He never tried to pounce
Upon a fly and show himself; he'd take in on the bounce.
But when we got a new-style ball he quit. "I just be darn,"
Said he, "if I will catch a ball that ain't made out o' yarn!"

Them days at home the umpire had to do the business square,
Or else we'd throw him out and get another then and there;
And sometimes, when the other side'd kick too awful loud,
We'd sort o' compromise the thing and leave it to the crowd.

Our wives and sweethearts used to come and watch us play the game,
And though we'd lose or win they'd always cheer us just the same.
'Twould do my old heart lots o' good to be back there once more
And play a game with just the some old club we had before.

—Chicago Post.

A MOURNFUL BAPTISM.

The Sad Story of the Christening of Lake St. Fleur.

Amid the wild, yet picturesque, scenery of the "Black Glades," lies one of the most serene lakes in Dakota. It bears the sweet, suggestive name of St. Fleur.

Connected with the history of this little gem of the wilderness is a sad, romantic narrative which gave to the calm waters their mournful baptism, and which is full of pathetic interest as told to me.

The story itself is sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of any listener anywhere, but when heard by the solitary grave under the bowing willows it borrows an additional solemnity, and is more sorrowful than the moan of the water at the foot of the bluff.

It was in the year 18—, when the steady march of industry had brought the sturdy lumbermen to the North, and the solitary depths of dark pine woods resounded with the echoes of industrial life.

Among the diligent workmen was a young and handsome German, who never entered into the jovial songs and rude jokes of his fellows. Always calm and unobtrusive, yet withal pleasant, he won friends among the more refined classes of the laborers and the name of "Prince Earnest" from the ruder grade, which stood in derisive antagonism of one whom it could not comprehend. Although the grand appellation was given him by way of contempt, it accorded with his lordly bearing and earnest spirit perfectly.

With the disappearance of winter and the ice spring came, and the rafting began in earnest. The more fearless and venturesome raftsmen went careering over the water with an easy heedlessness, while the timid and uninitiated were circumspect and slower of movement.

Among the latter was "Prince Earnest." And if any one of the rude, uncultured experts could "run him down," it proved a source of great hilarity at his expense.

One morning in being thus impeded by a careless Irish raftaman, who, perhaps, had no idea of any serious consequences resulting, he lost his presence of mind and footing as well, and slipped from the raft into the chilling water.

"He can't swim a stroke, and you're the death of him," called one of the men in the rear, who had seen the unfortunate man fall. Frightened at this the Irishman sprang into the lake to the rescue. The logs had floated over him, but with timely assistance he was brought from beneath them. The burly rescuer lifted the inanimate burden up to two pair of strong, willing arms, and then climbed out of the water himself, shivering with cold and excitement, and with a very white, alarmed face.

It was but the work of a few minutes to get the unconscious man on shore and into the warmth of the lodging house. Here every available means of resuscitation were thoroughly tried, but in vain. "Prince Earnest" was past restoration.

Torry McCorman, the perpetrator of the fatal joke, was the first to speak after the futile attempts were abandoned. Coming forward, he caressed the cold, calm face with his toil-worn palm, and exclaimed: "An shure Oi only meant to taze him a little, an' Oi've kilt 'im intoirely! Oi shall be repintin' uv it till me heart is broke."

The men looked furtively at one another as McCorman staggered to a corner, sat down and covered his face with his stained hands.

"His friends?" suggested one; but not a man knew any thing of the dead man's affairs.

His belongings were searched for a a clew as to his relatives, but their reward was meager, for only a portion of a letter was brought to light, and in this missive, written in a fine feminine hand, the writer had addressed the deceased "Dear St. Fleur," only.

"Was it mother, sister, or sweetheart?" they questioned, sadly.

"Swateheart most loikely," moaned Torry McCorman, "fur ye see—she writ the 'dear' 'thout the 'brother' or 'son' a rilative wud be after puttin' to it. An' Oi've kilt her, too, woe be the day!"

After the burial every one seemed to reverence the name of St. Fleur, and the lonely grave under the weeping willows had been faithfully and tenderly watched. And one day Torry McCorman carved the name of St. Fleur on a rough pine slab and put it at the head of the grave, with the remark that "twould be 'nuff aisier to pint than to tell the whole ov it." Little did he realize then what he did afterward, that the "telling ov it," would be more sorrowful and tragical than ever his great Irish heart had believed.

In early autumn came a beautiful, balmy day, and with it the closing features of the incident as related to me. The sun had almost set, when a carriage drove up the rugged road and stopped at the lumbermen's hut.

A fair young girl, neatly clad, alighted and came forward expectantly. Presently Torry McCorman's face became ghastly, and he whispered with white lips: "God help me; it's her as writ!" He grasped his hat and hurried out of the rear entrance, disappearing instantly in the gloom.

She had by this time stepped inside the hut, and, in a gay tone, said: "Good-evening, gentlemen. Is St. Fleur Fuller in? Is this his abode?" As the questions fell from her lips each one of the group uttered an exclamation of pained surprise. Then all eyes fell on the expectant, but somewhat frightened, face of the girl before them, but what man of them could utter a syllable concerning the death of "Prince Earnest?"

She saw that something was woefully wrong instantly by the pained, hushed expression on each man's face.

"Oh, speak—what is it; tell me what has happened to him and where is he?" she cried, nervously clasping her gloved hands and gazing at the proprietor with an attitude pitiable to see.

With blanched face William Stanhope answered in low, unsteady tones: "Madam, suppose St. Fleur is very ill—"

"Oh, take me to him, then—quickly!" she interrupted, with quivering lips. "Please take me; he needs me!"

Not a man stirred, but every eye was fixed on the proprietor, and every ear strained to catch his reply.

"Madam," he began, in a husky, faltering accent, "Madam, if St. Fleur could not recover?"

"Oh, are you mad? In Heaven's name take me to him—I beg of you not to say such cruel things," she answered, imploringly.

"St. Fleur is dead—dead and buried!" The words came slow, as if the weight of each one was a fatal burden to him. His tones were strange and unnatural.

Stunned by this terrible intelligence, she gazed at him vacantly for a few moments; then a deathly pallor swept over her features, as she slowly comprehended what his words meant.

Each one present feared for her reason, and the horror deepened as she kept repeating to herself: "Dead, dead, St. Fleur dead!" No tears came to her relief, and not a soul present could bring himself to offer one word of sympathy as she stood there, repeating the fateful words: "Dead, dead, dead!" Suddenly a wild cry proceeded from the girl, and she fell prostrate at the feet of the proprietor.

With the silent assistance of the men she was quickly restored to consciousness. The dry, hot eyes glared for an instant about her, then she wailed pathetically: "Take me where you have buried him. I must see him once more—I can not bear it—oh, oh!"

Gently supported by two of the men, they led her away, out along the moonlit shore, for the moon had risen and her gentle beams fell lovingly on the rugged mound and its little rough slab, turning the letters of the name St. Fleur to a beautiful silvery hue.

Presently the agonized mourner stretched out her hands over the glinting waters by the side of the grave, and cried in a tone of despair, never to be forgotten by the listeners: "Oh, cruel, cruel waves! to rob me of my heart's best and dearest! Oh, St. Fleur, St. Fleur! Ha, ha, ha! No—no, he is not dead—he is coming to me over there—don't you see him—yes—" Another wild shriek escapes her, the eyes dilate with a strange terror, and before one of the amazed group can dash forward she again drops heavily to the ground. She, too, had passed "from this room to the next"—the victim of a broken heart.

And it was so that the wail of a broken heart going forth o'er the moonlit deep on this sweet September night gave the lake its present suggestive name.—Chicago Daily News.

Trees 650 Feet Tall.

Prof. Fred G. Plummer, the civil engineer of Tacoma, says: "I have been all over this country and have the best collection of the flora to be found anywhere. What do you think of these trees 650 feet high? They are to be found that high in the unsurveyed townships near the foot of Mount Tacoma, and what is more I have seen them and made an instrumental measurement of a number with that result. There are lots of trees near the base of Mount Tacoma whose foliage is so far above the ground that is impossible to tell to what family they belong except by the bark. Very few people know or dream of the immensity of our forest growth. I wish that some of our large trees could be sent to the world's fair at Chicago. We could send a flag pole, for instance, 300 or 400 feet long."—Olympia Tribune

—Scribbler—"I see your novels are marked 'registered at the post-office as second-class matter.'" Scrawley—"Yes What of it?"—Scribbler—"Oh, nothing It's quite right."—America.

SIGNS IN THE DUST.

How the Driver of a Sprinkler Advertises the House of a Stingy Man.

"That was well done," remarked a Free Press reporter to the driver of a street-sprinkler who had left a dry spot in front of a thirty-foot lot so well defined that it stood out against the wet street like a boil on a man's nose.

"Yes, I think I have it down pretty fine," remarked the driver, "but I've had two months' practice at it. I don't believe I'm onto his line over an inch at either side. Hate to do it though."

"Why?"

"On account of the children. The man is too stingy to pay twenty-five cents per week to sprinkle the street in front of him. He thought we'd sprinkle it free if the rest of his neighbors paid, but we are up to all those tricks. But his children are not to blame, you know!"

"Of course not."

"They realize that this dry spot is a sign-board to the public and reads: 'Here lives a mean man.' People stop and look at it as they pass, and it is pointed out by those riding on the cars. He has four children, and not one of them is ever seen in the front yard. They are afraid of public ridicule."

"Must be a curious man that?"

"Not curious, but mean—just downright mean and stingy. If he was poor or unfortunate I'd feel ashamed to leave the sign-board, but as it is, I take particular pains to let the public get on to him. Now, watch me as I turn. See that? I stop dead on the line, shut her off tight, and begin at the other line. You can't find five drops of water on his whole front. There's the children looking out of the windows, and I can't help but feel sorry for 'em, but business is business, and we've got to live the same as other folks."—Detroit Free Press.

The Candid Lover.

"Henrietta," cried George, passionately, "I love you! I love you with all the ardor of a fresh young heart! You are, and always have been, the most cherished object of my affection."

"Oh, George!"

"There is nothing in this wide, wide world I would not do for you, my sweet, sweet heart."

"Darling George!"

"To the end of time, sweet maiden, I'll be yours."

"Precious, precious George!"

"But, dearest, I can not marry you."

"George!"

"No. Impossible!"

"And why, O cruel one?"

"I don't think you've got money enough to support me in the style to which I aspire."—Harper's Bazar.

Excessive Enterprise.

"There is such a thing as being too enterprising!" said the young dentist, gloomily.

"How so?" asked a friend.

"Well, you see, I hired a nigger with a strong voice and no conscience to speak of to yell in my office, expecting it would make people believe that I was doing a rushing business and so attract custom."

"Good scheme! How did it work?"

"Work? It over worked! The confounded nigger yelled so loud and agonizedly that would-be patrons rushed to the studio of my rival."—Munsey's Weekly.

Wanted Things Brought to a Climax.

Have you been reading the serial, The Scout of the Sierras that is running in my paper?

Yes, I am very much interested in it, Who is the author?

I am the author.

You are, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now that unless the hard-hearted adventuress comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper.—Texas Siftings.

The Plan Had Its Good Points.

"Papa," said a beautiful young girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife."

"Written you a note? Why didn't he come himself?"

"It would have been pleasanter that way, no doubt, papa; but I suppose he feels a little timid, and, besides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."—Moonshine.

Cruel Revenge.

Robinson: That was a scandalous affair that Jones tried to mix you up in, Smith.

Smith: Yes but I got even with him Saturday night.

Robinson: How?

Smith: He was in the barber shop, and his turn came after mine. I had a haircut, shave, and a shampoo.—The Jury.

The Quarrel.

She—You are exceedingly rude tonight. Why did you send up word you wanted to see me if you were going to act like this?

He—Pardon me, I did not. I can not tell a lie, even to a servant. I only asked if you were home.—West Shore.

He Was Engaged at Once.

Secret Service Official.—This special mission requires a man of the utmost delicacy, tact and diplomacy. What credentials have you?

Applicant.—I've jest been umpirin' a baby-show.—Judge.

Experientia Docet.

"What was it the aeronaut said when he fell out of his ballon, and struck the earth with the usual dull thud?"

"He remarked that this was a hard world."—N. Y. Sun.

—The Hastings mill, at Victoria, recently shipped three pieces of square timber, each of which was sixty feet long by three feet square. Each stick contained 6,480 feet, board measure, and weighed from twelve to thirteen tons. The three pieces were loaded on two flat cars coupled together, the sticks lying on four bolsters, two on each car—those on the extreme end being fixed on a swivel and the center ones sliding, so that there would be no trouble in going round sharp curves. The timbers were consigned to Montreal, where they will be utilized as anchors for a large dredge.

THE USE OF COSMETICS.

From a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Cosmetics are more extensively used among Americans than among any other class of women, and this prevailing custom of using powders and lotions for the face is partly due to false ideas of what constitute a beautiful complexion. The rich, dark complexion of the brunette is just as beautiful as the delicate pink and white of the blond, provided it is healthy and clear. The average user of cosmetics does it to cover up dinginess and blotches which she has reason to be ashamed of, since she is responsible. The skin is one of the excretory organs of the body and carries off from one and a half to two pints of waste material every twenty-four hours. Brain work and muscle work are all the time breaking down tissues and creating poisons which would be fatal if retained within the body, so closely is activity allied with death. If the action of any one of the five great depurating organs is interfered with or injured, the remaining ones tax themselves to the utmost to do the extra work of eliminating these poisons. It is plain then that the health and beauty of the skin must depend upon the activity and integrity of the other excretory organs. The skin is naturally semi-transparent as is all living tissue, but it becomes dull and opaque when other work than its own is forced upon it. The appearance of the skin may be taken as a good index of the condition of the rest of the body. When a part of the work of the liver is forced upon it, it is unable to make all the changes necessary to elimination and so particles of organic dirt are deposited and the skin loses its brilliancy. The same when the bowels are lax about doing their share of the work or if the lungs are so cramped for room as to do imperfect work.

The majority of women lead more or less sedentary lives. They may work themselves nearly to death in society matters, but that is not the kind of activity which is conducive to health. In consequence their lives stagnate, they do not breathe half enough and the skin becomes saturated with dead, inert matter and is not very pleasant to look upon, so perhaps it is not any wonder that they seek to hide its real appearance by means of cosmetics. Brisk exercise in the open air means the taking in of large supplies of oxygen with its cleansing, vivifying powers, giving a sparkle to the eye and a tint to the complexion which works a powerful transformation in appearance. It is exactly like letting a strong current of fresh air sweep through an unventilated, musty apartment. Ladies, go out of doors as much as possible and let the breezes of heaven sweep in fresh, life-giving currents through every artery, vein and capillary that it may burn up the accumulating poisons. Then you will have less excuse for using cosmetics.

A strong reason why American women do not walk more is that they deliberately cripple and abuse the muscles of their bodies and cramp the action of lungs, liver, stomach and kidneys by their manner of dress. Tell a woman to take a deep breath and a palpitation of the chest and a raising of the shoulders is the only apology for breathing which she can manifest. Ask a man to take a deep breath and immediately his ribs swell out just as the ribs of a dog or any lower animal does in breathing. All uncivilized women breathe naturally, using the diaphragm which was place in the lower expansible part of the chest for that very purpose. But the civilized woman deliberately ties up this flexible portion of her body with bands of steel and whalebone so that natural breathing is utterly impossible. A woman's dress should be just as loose as a man's. Some who think they are not lacing and have, perhaps, laid aside their corsets, have the bands to their heavy, dragging skirts so tight as to cut off a portion of the necessary air supply. It is the same as though a constriction were placed about the neck, not tight enough to produce death, but so as to make the breathing laborious and insufficient.

A liver which is in a vice can not do good work, and I have often found livers not only crowded out of place, but deeply creased with the pressure of the ribs. Compressions which affect the liver, affect the stomach and bowels also, and no wonder with imperfect nutrition and depuration, the skin becomes dingy and muddy, and the poor woman feels that she needs something to cover it up. But cosmetics do not produce a healthy skin. One which is doctored is patent to all observers, nobody being deceived but the victim, and she is ready enough to detect any one else. Health is generally beauty. A healthy skin has a natural brilliancy which is pleasant to look upon. I have seen peasant girls in Germany and Italy who worked out of doors and were exposed to various hardships, and yet those complexions would have been the envy of any American belle in richness and delicacy of tint.

In Due and Ancient Form.

I heard a pretty good story about a certain ignorant justice who does business up in Fulton County. This justice was selected over an able but very popular lawyer, and his first case was that of a prisoner charged with violating the fishery law. The complaint and warrant were defective, and this the defendant's lawyer took exception to in a masterly argument, winding up by moving the prisoner's discharge. "Is the motion seconded?" replied the justice. "It is," replied the prisoner. "Gentlemen," continued the justice, "It is regularly moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. All those in favor of the motion say aye." "Aye," came from the prisoner and his counsel. "Opposed, no." Silence followed, and after a short pause the scalesholder said: "The motion is carried, and the prisoner is discharged," whereupon, to the surprise and amusement of all, court was declared adjourned.—Amsterdam (N. Y.) Democrat.

—Cranberry picking has become so much an established industry among the Cape Cod children that it is proposed to arrange the school terms so that there will be no session during the cranberry season.

JASON WAS LIBERAL.

A Bridal Present Which Was Useful Even If It Wasn't Ornamental.

"Say, young feller, hev yer got sumpin' 'at 'uld make a feller's gal er nice present?" asked Jason Gaul to a clerk in a general store on Main street one day last week.

"Certainly, certainly!" replied the young salesman in his politest way.

"Hev, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wat be it?"

"We have a large assortment of goods here and can easily please you."

"Can, eh?"

"Yes."

"Where be ther 'sortment? I never seed one on 'em"

"You misunderstand me, perhaps. We have a great variety of goods from which you can select a suitable present."

"Wal, er variety 'll do, I reckon. How much do ther nicest 'uns come at?"

"It depends."

"Does, eh?"

"Want something nice, real nice, or very nice?"

"Ther veryest purtyest wat yer got. It's fer the goldarnest beautifulest gal in ther kentry, an' I want ter s'prise 'er 'ith er mouty fine present. I'm none o yer measly, close fisted fellers, I'll hev yer ter un'erstan'. I want sumpin' nice, an' I'm goin' ter hev it, ef it takes er mint o' money ter git it. Wat'd ye say ye hed?"

"Is it for a birthday present?"

"Na-aw."

"What then?"

"Don't know 'at it's enny o' yer bizness."

"I merely wanted to know that I might aid you in the selection."

"That erway?"

"Yes."

"Wal, it's fer er mounstrous fine gal, I tell ye."

"I know that; but why do you wish to make her the present?"

"Bekase I like her an' she's sich er fine gal an' likes me, an' I 'anted ter give 'er sumpin' was is sumpin', an' wat she'd 'preshiate."

"How will a fine dress pattern do?"

"She don't need enny dress patterns. She's got 'er hull passel o' dress patterns wat old Dan Skinner's 'oman cut fer her afore she dide. She mout like ter hev er fine dress, though, but not enny patterns."

"Well, here is the finest piece of dress goods ever made. Perhaps——"

"Thar's nuthin' too fine fer that air gal I tell ye, an' I'm jest bound ter git sumpin' fine, ef it costs——"

"This is beautiful for a pretty girl, and I'm sure——"

"Say, 'uld that make er gal er nice weddin' present?"

"To be sure it would, and it is cheap."

"How much?"

"A dress off that goods usually sells for $75, but we will make it $50 for you."

"Guess that won't do. She needs sumpin' wat she kin war wen she's cuttin' sprouts, hoein' ther crap, er totin' in wood."

"Well, here's one for $25."

"Won't do."

"How is this one, for $10?"

"Nope."

"Well, here is one for——"

"Say, wat does that air hoe thar kum at?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Couldn't take fifteen an' throw in er handle?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, I'll take it."

"All right. But what about the present?"

"Fer ther gal?"

"Yes."

"Ther hoe'll do, I reckon, fer she'll need it next week ter cut ther weeds outen ther terbacker, an' er noo hoe'll kum mouty handy, enyhow. Say, young feller, that air gal's ter jine me termorry nite, an' I 'us ded bent on s'prising her 'ith er fine present of it'd tuck ten pounds o' my best terbacker to do it."—Epoch.

REVERSES THE RULE.

Directions for Dyspeptics Laid Down by an English Specialist.

I am told that the most remarkable physician in England at the present time lives in Birmingham. He is not yet forty years of age—I can not recall his name at this moment. What interested me in the talk I had about him was the circumstance that he violates many of the customs of life. For example, he dines at 7:30 every evening, and at nine o'clock he goes to bed. At two o'clock in the morning he rises, reads for two hours and writes for three hours. At seven o'clock he eats a light breakfast, and then goes to bed again, rising at eleven. The hours devoted to the practice of his profession are therefore, with few exceptions, between noon and seven p. m. The amount and the quality of work done by this man are said to be simply wonderful, and in five years he has risen to a foremost place in the medical profession.

I can not forbear giving for the benefit of your dyspeptic readers a few rules that are laid down by English physicians for the observance of those who suffer from acute indigestion:

1. Do not eat beef; it is too hearty for the average dyspeptic. Eat the lean of mutton (boiled perfectly.)
2. Bacon in small quantities may be eaten; also thin slices of aerated bread fried in bacon fat; also boiled pigs' feet and tripe, and the fish not known as oily fish.
3. Eat no fruit. Of vegetables partake sparingly of baked potato, rice and boiled peas.
4. Bread may be eaten (aerated bread preferred) in thin slices toasted till they are brittle.
5. The brown meat of fowl may be eaten. Avoid all gravies and sauces.
6. Abstain from all liquors, and drink no tea, unless it be fresh made.
7. Eat no eggs, except fresh raw, well whipped. Sugars should be avoided.
8. Drink no iced water; partake freely of hot water and hot milk (not boiled).
9. Lie down for twenty minutes after each meal.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

—His Busy Day.—Constant Reader—"What did the editor say when you gave him my card, sonny?" Office Boy—"Can't tell; sir, we ain't allowed to swear."—New Hampshire Republican.

"GO CUT YOUR HAIR."

The Cruel Remark That Took the Heroism Out of Alphonse Daudet.

When Alphonse Daudet was a boy his father failed, and for some time Alphonse lived with him in penury at Lyons. But an elder brother procured a position in a glass store at Paris, and Alphonse went to live with him.

They took the cheapest lodgings in the city, for money was exceedingly scarce. In fact Daudet traveled to Paris in a freight car, wearing a pair of rubber boots, inside of which were neither slippers nor stockings. The journey occupied two days, and the boy did not taste food during the whole time. Finally, when Paris was reached, he was nearly frozen, as well as starved. There they dwelt, far up in the attic of a building six stories in height.

But neither of the brothers lost heart. Both had an abounding faith that the younger possessed genius. One day a stray volume of Daudet's poems found its way into the Tuileries. The Empress Eugenie was delighted with it and exclaimed to her brother-in-law: "Can't we do something for the boy who wrote these?" The Duke replied: "We can do every thing for him if your Majesty so desires." "Then find out about him and offer assistance!" she cried.

The next day Alphonse looked down from his attic window in surprise to see a great carriage bearing the royal coat-of-arms, stop before the door. In a moment a huge, impressive, dignified, liveried lackey came ponderously creaking up the stairs. As he knocked heavily on the door Daudet reeled forward half in a faint. What could it mean? What would happen? Nothing, the lackey said, except the Duke sent his card to M. Daudet, who would please call upon the Duke one week from that day.

What preparation were made for that visit! Surely Daudet could not go to the palace in rags and tatters, so he searched the clothing stores of all Paris trying to hire a dress suit, but owing to his peculiar physique none could be found. After many trials he succeeded in getting hold of a tailor who made him a suit on the strength of the Duke's card—for Daudet had no money to pay for it—and on the appointed day he went to the palace. A score of others were present, but he waited his turn, and it came. He was ushered into where the Duke sat.

"Can you write?" Yes sir," replied Daudet. "Very good; I want a secretary; pay 5,000 francs. Good morning." The boy was nearly overcome. He had never imagined that any one was paid that much a year—about $1,000.

But he suddenly remembered that he differed in politics from the Duke, and drawing himself up, announced the fact. Instead of being deeply moved by this heroic course, the Duke said: "Oh go get your hair cut. I don't care any thing about your political beliefs."—H. H. Boyesen, in Harper's.

A HOME-MADE WRAP.

The Garment Not Only Looks Well But Can be Made Cheaply.

I must tell you how a friend made her new fall wrap, for it is a beauty.

To begin with, she has a pattern of a short wrap that fits her perfectly. You have all seen wraps like it, coming to the belt, with side pieces cut to look like sleeves. Instead of having these side pieces come to the elbow, she cut them long enough to reach the bottom of her dress skirt, widening them gradually. The front of her pattern she cut off to form a square yoke, on which she gathered straight fronts having them just full enough to hang well around the bottom. The back she cut exactly by the pattern with this exception: The back pieces in the pattern are cut straight across at the waist line, and she extended them in a point reaching two or three inches below, and around this point she gathered straight widths of the goods, cutting them down just enough to make them hang well, then she sewed the skirt seams. By the way, she had allowed for a wide hem at the bottom of the wrap. Next she sewed a ruffle around in the seam joining the back to the side piece. This ruffle is an inch and a half deep where it goes around the point in the back, and gradually widens until when it reaches the shoulder seam it is nearly fifteen inches deep and falls over the arm like a little cape. In front, this little cape is sewed into the seam to look like an over sleeve. It is gathered into the back seam just full enough to hang in graceful folds. It is finished on the bottom with shallow scallops bound with coat braid. The wrap is finished with a plain standing collar tied with ribbons, and held in place at the belt with tapes. It is made of black ladies' cloth, but any material usually sold for such garments would be pretty.—Marie Sias, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

The Manchoorian Lark.

Among the trophies brought home by the French army from an eastern expedition was a specimen of a bird rarely, if at all, seen in Europe. This is the celebrated Chinese, or rather Manchoorian, lark. He is a larger bird than his European congener; his notes are more brilliant, and his natural repertoire, if the expression may be used, is more extensive. But the most noticeable feature is his wonderful promptness and skill of mimicry, imitating most natural sounds which he hears—the notes and songs of other birds, the cawing of crows, the crowing of cocks, the braying of the donkey, even the barking of dogs. The Chinese turn this faculty to account, and train the lark to sing many airs.—La Nature.

—At a religious meeting in West Gouldsboro, Maine, a divinity student occupied the pulpit, and his flights of poetic fancy aroused the admiration of his auditors. Pausing a moment, after one of these supreme mental efforts, he continued, "And now, my friends, let us listen to the low, sweet prelude." At this juncture a cow beneath one of the windows launched forth into a series of vigorous, discordant bellowings, and the gravity of the congregation was disturbed by long continued giggling.

—An Athens, Ga., man has a Spanish coin that bears the date of 1213.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A man should be not only right but righteous.—Quint.

—There are seventeen registered sects of Wesleyans and Methodists.

—Girls are hereafter to be allowed to attend the Rhode Island State Agricultural school.

—The Puget Sound Methodist University at Tacoma has opened with nearly 200 students in attendance.

—Prayer and praise are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is drawn in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanksgiving.—Goodwin.

—"Daniel," says Mr. Moody, "had a kind of religion that would bear transportation; it stood the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon, and was just as good abroad as at home."

—The Fiji Islands Mission has 27,097 church members and 101,150 attendance in public worship. Fifty years ago there was not a Christian on the islands; now there is not a heathen.

—To attempt to understand the mysteries of religion by science, is like a blind man seeking the sun at midday, with a lighted candle. More light is useless, new eyes are needed.

—A leading Japanese newspaper, the Hoch Schimbun, declares that Christianity is slowly but steadily making progress in Japan, never retrograding for an instant. The future of Buddhism, it says, is indeed in peril.

—Recent very trustworthy calculations of the population of the Chinese Empire by Russian authorities reckon it at 382,000,000, and the annual increase at 4,000,000. Not one in 10,000 ever heard of the religion of Jesus Christ.

—Follow Christ, ... In spirit, if not in letter, we must follow him along the road he trod on earth, and that was a road of self-abnegation, of poverty, of homelessness, of the base man's hatred and the proud man's scorn. Let us not disguise it; it is no primrose path of dalliance, but a hard road, hard and yet happy, and all the highest and the noblest of earth have trodden it; all who have regarded the things eternal not as things future, but merely as the unseen realities about them now.—F. W. Farrar.

—The follow Sunday-schools in Brooklyn have over 1,000 pupils: Greenwood Baptist, 1,060; Marcy Avenue Baptist, 1,715; Park Avenue branch of Tompkins Avenue Congregational, 1,371; Bethesda Mission Central Congregational, 1,259; Central Congregational School, 1,096; Bushwick Avenue Methodist Episcopal, 1,026; Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal, 1,504; Nostrand Avenue Methodist Episcopal, 1,182; Troop Avenue Presbyterian, 1,070; Troop Avenue Mission, 1,237; Brooklyn Tabernacle, 1,390; Twelfth Street Reformed, 1,299; Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian (three schools), 1,554; Plymouth (three schools), 2,303; total, 18,397.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The mud turtle has more snap than has the lazy man who sits on the fence to look at it.

—They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

—Keep hope in your heart, but don't neglect to keep something to work with in your hands.—West Shore.

—Too feeble fall the impressions of nature on us. Every touch should thrill. Life is an ecstasy.—Emerson.

—Know thyself, and keep the information to thyself. This is good advice.—Hartford Religious Herald.

—If all the good there is in thought were put in deed earth would soon be a paradise.—Florence (Kan.) Herald.

—Poet, who is reading his verses to a friend—Ah! my words seem to touch you. You are shedding tears! "No only wiping off the perspiration."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Drop me a line!" cried the drawning poet, "I have no other lines than these," replied the editor on the boat. And he tossed him one of his own poems.—Harper's Bazar.

—"Does Mrs. Weeds mourn her husband sincerely?" asked Mrs. Wing. "Indeed she does," was the reply. "She hasn't anybody but the iceman now to scold."—Somerville Journal.

—People are never so miserable as when engaged in strife, moved by envy, hatred, jealousy and ambition. They are never so happy as when united in loving ministries to one another.

—This mundane sphere is a mighty uncertain sort of a place. The bitter and the sweet go hand in hand, and you always strike an up grade when you are in the biggest hurry.—Ram's Horn.

—Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—Clarendon.

—"Now," said the maternal oyster, "you cuddle down and keep out of the way when these dredgers go to work. There's a dreadful penalty awaiting you if you don't." "What is it?" "Solitary confinement in a stew."—Washington Post.

—Anxious Mother—I am so worried about my little son. The doctor says his heart is weak and he mustn't run at all, but how can I prevent it? Business Man—Easily enough, my dear madam. Get him a situation as errand boy.—Good News.

—Summer Girl—George, you must not kiss me any more. Summer Youth—What! My dar—— Summer Girl—Don't put your arm around me. It isn't right now. Summer Youth—Wha—what has happened? Summer Girl—The gentleman I'm engaged to will be here in an hour.—N. Y. Weekly.

—And so, within our narrow working spheres the truth stands for every one of us. Special instances of treachery and baseness we shall have to encounter, and where motives are not wholly bad, we shall find their quality confused and mixed, we shall find that it is not safe or wise to trust implicity. Always we shall find room and need for the exercise of a broad charity; but we can only live truly and usefully by always recognizing the higher side of men, whether in masses or individually, by appealing to their better instincts, their nobler selves, their loftier minds.—Anon.